

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

# A Chronicle of Society

**DEAR SUSAN:**  
The one bright ray of sunshine was the cable from you. How on earth did you manage to get it through. Of course, there is nothing brighter than having friends at court and you seemed to be possessed of such. It's so splendid that you are safe near Munich, with hopes of being allowed to leave soon. I know that you will find it a great comfort to have Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh and Genevieve with you. Your last letter telling of the devotion of the "wonderful man" you met on the steamer going over smacks of romance to me. Is it possible that he is the one who is going to make your sailing for home an actuality? I am so anxious to hear all about it!

Our hearts are heavy on this side. We grieve with our President and his family over their loss and we are sad because war is raging on the other side.

Nearly everything of a social nature has been canceled on account of the death of Mrs. Wilson. It is a wonderful thing to me to see how deeply everyone feels this. There is not much being said. People just seem to lower their voices when they mention her name and say: "I'm so sorry."

Instinctively they know that she would rather they would make no demonstration.

The usual Saturday night dances at the Chevy Chase Club, the Washington Country Club, the Lord Baltimore Country Club, and several of the other clubs have been canceled.

At Newport nearly everything has been canceled.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has recalled her invitations for the flower ball she was to have given on the 14th, and Mrs. Oelrichs has recalled the cards for the dinner she was giving preceding the ball. At the White Sulphur Springs, where Mrs. Wilson visited at Easter time, the ballroom has been closed, and so on.

Mrs. Daniels, who has been quite ill, is much better. In fact, she is able to be up and about the house. She is going away some time soon, but it depends upon several things. The Secretary is kept here and she is waiting in hope that he may be able to get away some time before very long.

The dances that I told you about to be given by the Potomac Boat Club crew at the clubhouse on the second and fourth Saturdays of this month, have been postponed. They will be given later.

Mrs. Colville Barclay, wife of the charge d'affaires of the British embassy, who has been at Manchester-by-the-Sea, for several weeks, probably will remain there for the present. The charge returned to Washington early in the week to open the embassy office here.

Mrs. Barclay has a strong strain of American blood in her veins. She is a grandchild of that C. Sanford, of New York, who amassed a huge fortune in building railroads in Argentina, where his name is still a household word.

Her father, Herbert Ward, is now best known as a particularly successful sculptor. He makes his home in Paris. In the early days he was one of the English soldiers of fortune who accompanied the late Sir Henry M. Stanley on his Emin Pasha relief expedition right across equatorial Africa, and commanded the rear guard.

The only survivor of that expedition today, he has presented his large collection of relics thereof, as well as his relics of David Livingston and all his African curios, to the Smithsonian Institution.

The British charge d'affaires, who has been in this country since last August, is a younger brother and second heir of Sir David Barclay, of Pierston, in Ayrshire, the twelfth holder of a baronetcy created by Charles II shortly after his restoration, in favor of Robert Barclay, Baillie of Edinburgh.

The estate of Pierston has been in the family since 1333, when it was granted to David Barclay by King Robert Bruce, in a charter still in existence.

Colville Barclay greatly distinguished himself by diplomatic service of particularly delicate character in the Balkans before being promoted to Washington, and was decorated with the Victorian order by King Edward VII.

If the subject were not so tragic in all its bearings there would be something distinctively humorous in the thought of Congressman Bartholdt and Congressman Barchfeld sailing at the very commencement of almost world-wide hostilities as delegates from the United States to the international peace conference at Vienna. "It is understood that the conference will be called off,"

as one of the papers aptly puts it, and, of course, the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, with the delegates aboard, never reached Europe, but, ye gods, what a dramatic run it was.

And what a story for a war correspondent bound for Serbia and turned suddenly back in midocean! That is what happened to Charlie Smith and the whole story of his going was most dramatic. It seems he was spending the week-end with some friends in the country, that they went off 'cross lots to a dance Saturday night, returning some time in the wee small hours of the morning. Pinned to the lamp in the living-room was a note from the small son of the house, directing Mr. Smith to call his "boss" at any hour of the night.

This he did and received orders to start next day for New York and sail Tuesday on the Kronprinzessin.

It was a case of rush, but he made it. At being turned back he became incensed, until he began to realize what a thrilling story it was and what a splendid scoop. Incidentally the scene of hostilities has so shifted that when the St. Paul, on which he sailed yesterday, reaches the other side, the thick of the fray may be anywhere but Serbia.

To you in the midst of more stirring scenes such things seem paltry perhaps, but there has been a tremendous current of excitement in the air, even here.

The other night, a gorgeous moonlight it was, when England made her formal declaration of war, when there were rumors of a terrible naval battle between Germany and England, the streets were full of restless people. There was a fire, a small affair, more smoke than anything else, but the engines, with sparks flying and a clanging of alarms, seemed to incarnate the very spirit of excitement, the fire to prove a vent for the emotion that was bottled up in us all.

Some one who returned from Newport recently was telling me that it is not because of a general suppression of the social spirit on account of the war, but a scarcity of men, that has prompted one hostess to abandon a dance she was arranging for this month. Men with business obligations are keeping close to their desks in New York and Boston at present and giving few thoughts to parties, and to form a complete party the proportion of the masculine to the feminine is as two to one.

One woman said she did not propose to give a party of wall flowers. For this reason primarily Mrs. Pembroke Jones has given up an entertainment she had arranged for this week and it is rumored that Mrs. Herman Oelrichs is seriously considering abandoning the dinner she has set for the night of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's flower ball.

Then, too another side of it is the fact that chefs and chauffeurs who have been in the employ of the summer colony are departing in droves to join their regiments in France and Germany.

Dr. Edward R. Noyes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Noyes and the two children, Edward and Helen, left town today to spend some time at Bluemont, Va.

The folks over here have heard from Mr. and Mrs. J. William Lee, who were among the Americans who went abroad with intentions to travel for several months. The letter was sent from Belfast, Ireland, but there was no mention of their plans.

From up in Jamestown comes the news of the engagement of Freda Tillman, daughter of Commander E. H. Tillman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tillman, to Laurence S. Frazer, of Nashville, Tenn. According to my news, the wedding is to take place in Washington in the autumn.

Freda never was presented formally in Washington, but she went out a great deal last winter up to the time she went South to make that long visit. The family have closed their Q street house and are at Jamestown for the summer.

When a young man takes a trip from Norfolk to Washington every week, or, at least, as often as the powers that be permit, it is quite evident that there is some very strong attraction at the other end of the line. All of which was very plain to the friends of Ensign James Cary Jones, stationed aboard the receiving ship Franklin, at Norfolk.

Now the cat is out of the bag. The engagement was recently announced of Louise Ragland Conner and Ensign Jones and the marriage will take place in the fall. I don't know Miss Conner, but have heard some mighty nice things about her and know she must be very charming. Mr. Jones is big and nice looking and very much of a dear.



MRS. ANDREW MORELAND.

Somehow I am wondering if you and Mrs. Andrew Moreland won't meet before either of you are able to get back. Her sister, Mrs. Marye, wife of the newly appointed American ambassador to Russia, who is now en route to Washington from California, probably will have heard from her. She closed her handsome Pittsburgh home early in the summer and went abroad. Mrs. Moreland has visited in Washington so often that everyone here feels that Washington, as well as Pittsburgh and New York, has a claim to her citizenship.

The war has played havoc with the summer plans of Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis. She was to have sailed Thursday with her sister, from Georgia, to spend the remainder of the season in Europe, but the sailing of the steamer was canceled, so Mrs. Lewis is still in Washington, trying to make up her mind whether she will stay here, go to Canada, the North Shore, or back to Chicago.

So far as I know no changes have been made in the plans for the Harvey-Thompson wedding.

Nearly 500 guests will attend the wedding of Miss Dorothy Harvey and Lieut. Marcus H. Thompson, at the country place of Col. and Mrs. George Harvey, at Deal, N. J., on Wednesday afternoon.

Among those who will attend are George F. Edmunds, the venerable ex-Senator from Vermont; Wayne MacVeagh, former ambassador to Italy; the Brazilian ambassador and first secretary of the embassy; Speaker Champ Clark, Secretary of War Garrison, Attorney General McReynolds, Senators James A. O'Gorman and William E. Borah, former Senator James Smith, jr., Congressmen William G. Brown, Thomas G. Patten, Thomas J. Scully and Frank T. O'Hair, former Congressman Martin W. Littleton, Gov. James F. Fielder and staff, former Gov. Franklin Murphy, former Gov. John A. Dix, Director General John Barrett, Col. Henry Watterson, Alton B. Parker, Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge Victor F. Dowling, Mayor William Levy, Admiral Watson, and many army and navy officers and literary celebrities.

The ceremony will be performed in a pergola in the garden, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Shipman officiating, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Swezey.

The maid of honor will be Miss Margaret Luce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J.

Luce, and the bridesmaids—Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of Speaker and Mrs. Clark; Miss Jessica Alward, Miss Leslie Johnston, and Miss Cecilia Brewster.

The best man will be Lieut. F. C. Harrington, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and the ushers, Capt. J. J. Walsh, Lieut. Philip Mathews, Lieut. Robert Goolrich, and Ensign Lawrence Townsend, jr.

The wedding will take place at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Oh yes, Mrs. Stephen Kubel and Florence are away now. They are at Ocean Grove at present and I'm not sure just what their plans are for the remainder of the summer. Mr. Kubel and a party are making a cruise in their yacht.

Mrs. Frank S. White, wife of the new Senator from Alabama, is certainly a charming addition to the Congressional contingent in Washington. Both Mrs. White and Miss Marguerite White are remaining in Washington at their apartment, in the Mendota, during the session, to be with the Senator.

Mrs. White is a typical Southern gentlewoman, with the refinement and dignity which bespeaks the "old regime." Her father was James M. Collins, a Mississippi planter, and her mother was Eliza Murray, of the famous Murray clan, of Scotland. Her maternal grandfather was a descendant of George Walter, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. With such an ancestry it follows as a matter of course that Mrs. White is a loyal and enthusiastic member of the D. A. R., the U. D. C., and the Daughters of 1812.

She is also a kinswoman of the educator, J. L. M. Curry, whose statue, the gift of Alabama, adorns the Hall of Fame, and of Thomas H. Benton, who for thirty years served Missouri in the United States Senate. But to Mrs. White the greatest interest in life circles the home. She is a devoted wife and mother, crowned with the additional dignity of grandmotherhood, for she left behind in Alabama her son, Murray C. White, the father of Frank S. White III, the idol of his grandfather's heart, who shares the honors of the family with his baby brother, Murray.

Senator and Mrs. White have two sons in Birmingham, Murray C. White and Frank S. White, jr. Their third son, W. T. White, who acts as his father's secretary, is with them here. Miss White is a graduate of the

Fairmont Seminary, and is, of course, no stranger in Washington.

One of Mrs. White's pet interests is the Octavia White Home, in her native city.

Phil Patchin has been recently made London correspondent for the New York Tribune and sailed Tuesday on the Lusitania, to reach there, God willing, today or tomorrow. Polly and the little girl, Betty, were to leave shortly to join him, but I suppose the miserable war business will keep them on this side. They are now at Lynn, Mass., with Mrs. Mason, Polly's mother, and Julia Mason, anxiously waiting news from across the water. Poor Polly has had a disagreeable sort of summer, first an attack of scarlet fever, not very serious, but certainly not agreeable, and now all this excitement.

Marjorie Winsatt, Mrs. Fox, is another Washington girl now living in London. Her husband is connected with the New York Herald and they have been in England for some time, finding life there very agreeable, from all accounts.

Look out for the Tennessee, Susan, the rescue ship. Of course, you may miss her all round, but, with things in this unsettled state, you may meet her somewhere on the other side. Captain Ardery will be aboard, also Captain Ralston, Louise Chase's husband, you know, both of the Engineer Corps. Lieut. Frank Phipps, Coast Artillery Corps, is also among those who have been detailed to make the trip. He was here at the time of Maitland Marshall's wedding to Jack Knapp, when his wife, Mary Phipps, was matron of honor. You probably remember Captain Ardery; he was Lieutenant then, as he was stationed at Washington Barracks, when you were here two years ago. He has since been in New York.

At a dinner party recently I heard the most amusing story about a member of Congress. He not only wears a wig, but he wears three. Think of it! Well, this is how it is:

You see him come out of his favorite barber shop with a close hair cut. That is wig No. 1. Then a week later you see him and his hair is much grown. That is wig No. 2. Perhaps a week later you see this gentleman and his hair is quite long. That is wig No. 3.

Now what do you think of that?

The same person told me that a certain Congressman who is as bald as the proverbial billiard ball, gets a new wig ever so often, each time having just a little more gray in it.

To accept the invitation of the Secretary of War and Governor Goethals to be a passenger on the first vessel going through the canal on August 15, John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American Union, sailed yesterday for Panama from New York on the steamer Tenadores.

Mrs. Turner and Anne Turner, of Des Moines, Iowa, who have been visiting in Washington and in Maryland for about two months, are leaving Wednesday. Everyone hates to see them go, for Mrs. Turner has endeared herself to everyone, from the tiniest baby to the oldest lady, and Anne—well, she is just Anne, and everyone likes Anne. She came Thursday and she and Ruth and I went over to see the Pan-American building. Captain Mitchell, who took us about, gave us each a beautiful blue and red quill from the wings of the macaws who live in the garden. We adorned our hats with them and went merrily on our way. Captain tells me that Mrs. Mitchell and the boys are having the best sort of a summer at Piney Point.

Did you ever meet Mrs. Good, of Iowa? She is the wife of Congressman James W. Good, of Cedar Rapids, and I think one of the most charming, as well as prettiest, women in the Congressional set. She is little and has very blue eyes and light brown hair and the most radiant complexion I ever saw. It is only equaled by her smile. You would like her immensely, and what a time you would have teaching each other new lace stitches. Yes, she is the sort of woman who would be more able to teach you the latest crochet pattern than the newest tango step. Her son Jimmy is a little man, and at the age of four exceptionally handsome and bright.

I had a letter from Augusta the other day and she told me that Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Borger and their little girl were at Cape May, stopping at the same place she is and that Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Kengla and little Billy Kengla are coming down on the 18th for a visit. Sarah Harper ran

down from Philadelphia for the week-end and Fred was down, too. He is going down within a fortnight to remain until after Labor Day.

Isabel and Marie Kubel departed at noon today to be chaperoned by Augusta for a few weeks. They are certainly prepared to have a fine time.

That beautiful Helen Evans, who took the part of Pallas Athena in "The Fire Re-gained," last spring, is in Washington now visiting her mother, Mrs. McTiggan. Her sister told me that she will be with the "Yellow Ticket" next season. Isn't that splendid for her?

Miss Mabel Boardman, who was one of the house party which the former President and Mrs. Taft are entertaining at their summer place, Murray Bay, Canada, returned to Washington a day or two ago for the special meeting of the Red Cross. She will remain in Washington to direct the work of the Red Cross.

Indeed, Susan, everyone is putting R. S. V. P. on their wedding reception cards these days, but I think when I send out mine I'll have to put C. E. A. R., meaning Come Early, Avoid Rush, for you know the dimensions of our home and the number of folks I'd love to have on hand.

The other day I found a letter on my desk from Dorothy Peake. She is still in Atlantic City having the time of her life, and dancing her pretty little feet off. She has won a number of silver cups as a ball-room dancer, and if prizes were being offered for swimming, I'm sure Dot would come in for her share there, too.

Did I tell you that Nell LeCain Sears is at Boyes Springs, Cal., for a long stay? You know Nell and her husband have been in California the last year, and they are so delighted that they have purchased land, and expect to build near the springs and make it their home. I had a long letter from them the other day, and they want me to come out.

Nell has been so successful out there, and is another of the Washington girls who has made good on the musical comedy stage.

Here is some real news for you Susan: Mr. and Mrs. Homer Joseph Dodge are being congratulated upon the birth of Jacqueline Dodge on July 24, 1914, and Ensign Henry B. LeBourgeois, U. S. N., and Mrs. LeBourgeois are particularly happy because the stork left twin boys for them recently.

Mrs. Dodge was pretty little Dunwreath Odell and Mrs. LeBourgeois was Mary Daingerfield.

Well, the Gen. Albert L. Mills have closed their K street house, and are now at Sea Girt, N. J., visiting Governor and Mrs. Fielder over the week-end. From there they make a few days' visit in New York, and on Friday will sail to spend nearly two months touring in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Mrs. Mills is particularly delighted with the idea of visiting Ireland, because, although she has traveled abroad much more than most folks, she has seen very little of Ireland. She was telling me the other day that of all the European cities, she thinks London the most interesting, Rome next, Cairo next, and Canton next. Which four do you find? Let me know about this. I really would like to know what your decision will be.

Of course you want to know all about Hettie Harris. Strange I did not tell you before. Well, she is back from her New England school and is looking splendid. She is not a bit taller, but so well and charming and pretty. I do not know whether she is going back or not. When I was up there recently for tea, we were so busy discussing the Northern folk that I forgot to ask about that.

Dear, dear, dear! I've looked at the clock and it is exactly ten minutes of train time and I promised to see Isabel and Marie off to Cape May. I'll post this at the station and say a little prayer that it will reach you and find you safe and getting ready to come back to our America.

All the folks are deeply concerned about you and join me in sending all the good wishes we know and our love.

Most sincerely yours,

Jean Eliot

Saturday afternoon.